

What The Fuck? by lapits (nadagio)

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Summary:

Billy wakes up alone in the Byers' house, confused and very pissed off.

What The Fuck?

Billy's mouth twitched. Laid out flat on the floor, every muscle in his body stiffened and his expression soured as he opened his eyes in a narrow squint. It was dark. He had a monster headache and terrible dry mouth. Was he hungover? What the hell was he doing on the floor?

"What the-?" he said out loud. Slowly he looked around and groaned, "Fuuuuuck."

Not his house. The Byers' house. Paper taped up fucking *everywhere* like a weird ass art installation. Not another soul to be seen or heard.

Max was fucking *dead meat*. He was gonna *murder her*. Right after he murdered Harrington and that fucking Lucas kid who had pulled her into this bullshit.

Billy struggled to coordinate his sluggish limbs and staggered to his feet. He gingerly prodded at the developing bruises gifted to him by Harrington and let loose another long groan.

"MAX!" he shouted, stumbling deeper into the house. The weird ass art continued into the halls and every room he came across. "What the fuck."

Seriously, what was with all the shitty scribbles? And where the fuck was Max? Where the fuck were the people who actually supposedly *lived* here?

"MAX!"

Predictably, there was no response. Billy was alone in the house. He'd lost Max *again* because the bitch had fucking *drugged* him and run off with all the other little creeps.

"WHAT THE *FUCK!?*" Billy yelled. He kicked a wall hard but it did nothing to appease his thirst for violence.

Was it a gang thing? Had Max joined a gang? Was Steve "the King" Harrington leading a fucking gang of pre-pubescent snots who ran

around with bats full of nails and syringes full of drugs? So they could... what, vandalise houses with shitty art? What the fuck sort of gang was that?

His face fucking *hurt*. Visibly beaten, and still without Max hours into his forced search. Billy had no idea where the hell she went and little chance of retrieving her before morning. His dad was gonna be pissed and blame Billy for *all* of it, naturally. Fucking great.

Entering the kitchen, Billy stumbled over the various jars and containers of food all over the floor – the hell? – and reached for the fridge in the hopes of finding a beer. He was way too sober to deal with this shit anymore.

Except, of course – obviously! – when Billy opened the door he was greeted *not* by a cool and refreshing alcoholic beverage, but a fucking armful of blanket-wrapped, cold, and slimy flesh.

Billy shrieked wordlessly and jumped back, dropping the *thing* to the ground with a sick and meaty *plop*.

He stared. He poked it with his foot. It jiggled but did not otherwise respond. It appeared to be dead – if ever the four-legged, flower-faced *thing* was actually alive in the first place.

“What. The. Fuck.” Billy shook his head. “What in the everloving fuck is this shit!?”

He backed away.

He thought about calling the police, thought about telling them that Harrington had kidnapped his stepsister and left him drugged and unconscious in a vandalised house with either an alien corpse or a very elaborate prank. But a few more steps and a look down the hall told him that someone had fucking literally ripped the phone from the wall so *nope*, Billy would *not* be making any phone calls that night.

He was so done with this shit. All of it. He’d take the beating from his dad. Let *that* asshole call the cops on his fucking delinquent step-daughter.

Billy stomped out of the house with a swollen face and a head full of rage.

And then he saw that they'd taken his *Camaro*. His. Fucking. *CAMARO*.

His screaming expletives got all the dogs in the neighborhood barking. A few minutes of specific – and *explicit* – threats and promises later, Billy shouted a final “what the fuck!?” in the direction of God or whatever sick fuck orchestrated his fate.

For lack of any better option, Billy started walking home. He was gonna fucking murder them all. And if his car had even a single fucking scratch, he'd resurrect them just to murder them all again but *slower* the second time.

Fucking lame-ass town and its weird as fuck people. What the fuck.

Author's Note:

I have a burning desire to know wtf happened to Billy after they drugged him. Did he wake up alone? Or did someone feed him some bs about what happened? What the hell would they even tell him? I may revisit this scene with an alternate scenario later.

Anyway, hope you enjoyed this ficlet. Thanks for reading!